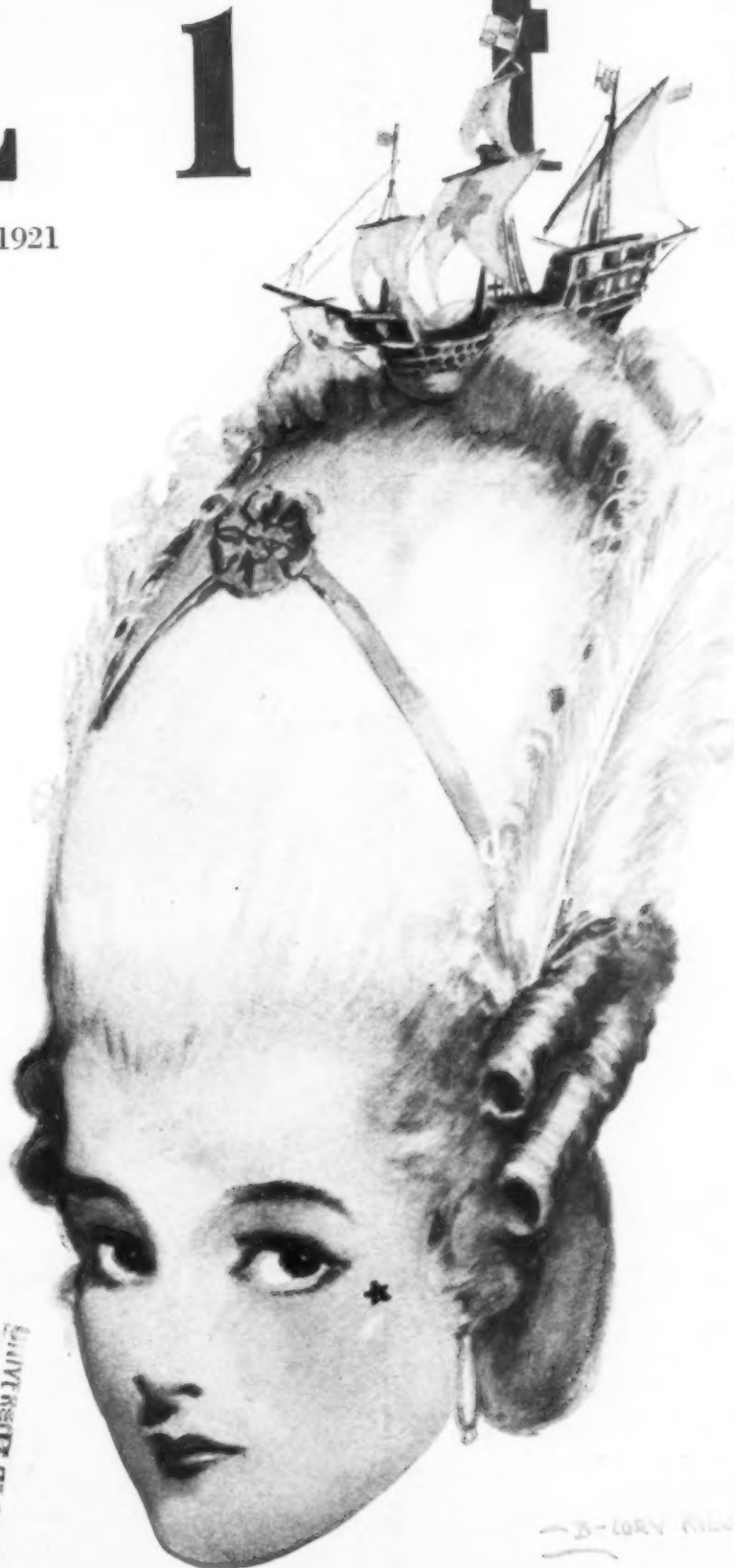


# Life

AUGUST 18, 1921

PRICE 15 CENTS



B-LORY SILVER

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*A Permanent Wave*

## MARMON 34

Low center of gravity, light weight, and scientific suspension give the Marmon its unusual roadability. This is easily proved in a comparative demonstration, being one of the twelve vital tests of the Marmon Score Card. Make these comparisons before deciding *which* car.

NORDYKE & MARMON  
COMPANY

Established 1881 : INDIANAPOLIS





## Absence

By Dorothy Parker

I NEVER thought that heav'n would lose its blue  
 And sullen storm-clouds mask the gentle sky;  
 I never thought the rose's velvet hue  
 Would pale and sicken, though we said good-by.  
 I never dreamed the lark would hush its note  
 As day succeeded ever-drearier day,  
 Nor knew the song that swelled the robin's throat  
 Would fade to silence, when you went away.

I never knew the sun's irradiant beams  
 Upon the brooding earth no more would shine,  
 Nor thought that only in my mocking dreams  
 Would happiness that once I knew be mine.  
 I never thought the slim moon, mournfully,  
 Would shroud her pallid self in murky night.  
 Dear heart, I never thought these things would be—  
 I never thought they would, and I was right.



**Mother:** Those little playmates of yours look rather common, Bobbie. I hope none of them swear.

**Bobbie:** Oh, some of 'em try to, mother, but they ain't much good at it.

## How It Really Happened

By ELIZABETH LE FEVRE



It was before the days of pocket-handkerchiefs; it was before the days of fig-leaves too, or, more correctly speaking, it was the very day that fig-leaves came into fashion. As Eve hurried through the shrubbery, she snatched one from an overhanging bough and wiped her eyes.

Everything had gone wrong since daybreak. To begin with, Adam had criticized the way she had fixed her hair. She had wanted to look especially nice, for Gabriel was coming down to help plan the Government of Eden, so she had gathered up her long flowing tresses and bound them in a shining gold coronet round her head. Adam had frowned and said the arrangement was most immodest. She hadn't the least idea what the word meant, except that it was something unpleasant. Adam was always puzzling

her with words she couldn't understand.

And then there had been the usual bickering breakfast. Adam had refused even to taste the prickly pears, and wanted to know if she would never learn not to offer him over-ripe fruit, and ended with a touching eulogy to the toothsome cocoanuts his mother used to serve. Eve wished she had reminded him that gathering cocoanuts was his mother's chief accomplishment!

And then, to cap the climax, he had asked her to run along out of the way and gather flowers, while he and Gabriel planned the Government. She was tired of gathering flowers; she would much rather have helped with the Government. Blinded with tears, she didn't notice where she was until she was startled by a voice just above her. Looking up, she spied the serpent festooned among the branches of the Forbidden Tree.

"Beautiful Angel, do not weep," whispered the voice.

"I'm not an angel."

"Have your own way, beautiful child," replied the voice caressingly.

"I'm not a beautiful child, I am a beautiful woman," pouted Eve. "And I am tired to death of being treated like a

child. But tell me," she added, "why did you take me for an angel?"

"It was your more than earthly beauty," cooed the voice. "That, and the halo-like arrangement of your hair."

"Really, do you like it? Do you like my hair?" murmured Eve, radiant.

"It is absolutely adorable."

"Then Adam doesn't know everything?" ventured Eve.

"Hardly."

"But I'd do anything to be as wise as he."

"Why don't you, then?"

"What could I do?" gasped Eve.

"Here, eat this," and an apple dangled temptingly within her reach.

"Adam says I mustn't," she faltered.

"Oh, Adam says, and Adam says," hissed the serpent. "How do you think Adam gets all his wisdom? Why, he comes here to the Tree of Knowledge every morning, when you think he's feeding the animals, and fairly gorges himself with apples. That's why he has no appetite for your delicious breakfasts."

"I never heard of such a thing," said the first lady of the land as she snatched the apple and buried her pearly teeth in the delicious pulp.



### Great Historic Moments

Solomon returns after a brief absence bringing a few knickknacks for the wives and kiddies

## How Much Eye Power Have You?

Dr. Charles Russ has made a valuable contribution to humanity by inventing a machine that will measure the power in a glance of the eye



You have probably never realized what a dangerous game bridge is. Yet every time you trump your partner's ace, she registers 96 kilowatt eye power. 100 kilowatts is said to be fatal



Mrs. Wombatt, the hostess at the musicale, told Mons. Pimelle that the thing she liked most about his singing was his clearness of diction, and that she had understood every word of the little French ballad. Now Mons. Pimelle had been singing in what he considered very good English, but unfortunately for his chance of making an eye power record the machine refused to register foreign eyes



Mr. Bird relied too strongly on the power of his eye when he told Hjalma that if she didn't stop breaking up the best china the unemployment figures would be immediately increased. Unfortunately, he wasn't really in the heavy-weight class, and Hjalma won the decision, 71 kilowatts to 6



Mr. Dummer is inclined to scoff at the invention, and everyone who has ever carried a pint bottle of something in a suitcase will agree with him. You are convinced that the street is peopled with prohibition agents and that every eye is upon your guilty burden. Yet Dr. Russ's machine never registers so much as a single watt



Above we show Mr. Rex Wimple, fifth assistant floor walker, registering rays of extreme intensity as he informs you that certainly you can get cheaper hose, but we don't carry them



It is splendid to think that by directing strong eye rays against the back of your husband's neck you can keep him from inviting his socially unfit friend to dinner. Unfortunately, in this case it was the friend who got the signal, with the result that a most unenjoyable evening was had by all



## Sanctum Talks

"IS this LIFE?"

"Who are you?"

"My name is Freud."

"Sigmund Freud, the Austrian who started psycho-analysis, nightmare expert and all-around master of the erotic?"

"The same."

"Well, what do you want around here?"

"My ego urge compelled me to drop in and smile a bit at you. You thought we couldn't conquer you in 1914; you didn't know that I was—what you say?—on the job."

"I don't quite get you now."

"Well, haven't I got your medical profession by the ears? Haven't I permeated your literature with my sex stuff? The movies haven't anything on me, have they? Why, my practitioners are charging twenty-five dollars an hour. Psycho-analysis is the order of the day."

"And the disorder of the night."

"Well, it's all the same to me. You Americans will—what you say?—fall for anything."

"Yes, Doctor; everybody knows that—except the Americans. What have you

come in to see me for—to proclaim yourself a Fraud and not a Freud?"

"No, sir! Merely to express my satisfaction that—"

"Man! Listen to me. We are not really so bad as we seem. Anything new in sex naturally interests us, but—"

"There's nothing new in what I've written."

"No, but it seems new. Some of your own disciples have already gone back on you. It will wear off."

"I seem to have got you, LIFE, all the same. Your women's clubs are feverishly discussing me; your psychologists are advertising me; your publicity experts are loudly proclaiming me as the High Priest of the Prurient."

"What of it?"

"It's a great movement in—"

"Passing, passing, Doctor."

"It may be passing but everybody is—"

"That's nothing. You see, once it was roller skating; then it was bicycle riding; then it was the Bergson philosophy; now it is auto driving, filming and prize fighting, with psycho-analysis on the side. Even the Bolsheviks and you combined cannot altogether poison us, Doctor; we'll get over it."

"Bah!"

"Baa, Baa!"

T. L. M.

## Not a Drop Left

PASSENGER (*hurrying into car*): There's a man in the next car just fallen in a fit.

ANOTHER PASSENGER: Too late, old fellow; last drop's gone; man just had a fit here.



"Whatever became of that girl that Reggie used to flirt with so outrageously?"

"Oh, he only thought he was flirting. She married him."

## "Golly, I Bust Me Pants!"

THIS inelegant exclamation may be heard quite often at LIFE's Fresh Air Farm. In any other household the victim would be supplied with another pair while the first was being mended. Unfortunately, at the Farm there isn't any other pair and it is a case of going to bed, or standing in a barrel, until the reparation commission finishes its work.

In the strenuous life at the Farm these accidents are bound to happen and there is a pressing need for garments of all kinds, boys' and girls', ages six to twelve, to be used in emergencies. The children come with their entire wardrobes in use and have no reserve for even natural wear and tear. There is, no doubt, a personal advantage to this method. It involves no embarrassment of superfluous baggage en route. But it happens not infrequently that sudden shifts are essential and the need of clothes for the youngsters is pressing. LIFE's readers can send outgrown and semi-worn garments of all kinds by parcels post or express to LIFE's Farm, Branchville, Connecticut.

It is a pleasure to state that, due to the generosity of LIFE's readers, the number of children transferred this year from the slums to the fresh air of the country will largely exceed that of former seasons. The increased capacity of the new dormitory and an arrangement with the Children's Aid Society have made this possible. Under this arrangement several parties have been sent to Goodhue House on Staten Island. That the children are well cared for there is shown by the fact that the fortnight's stay of the first fifty children gave them an average increase in weight of two pounds each, meaning an increase of one hundred pounds in the population of the United States.

When this appears the Endowment Party of two hundred-and-odd children will be in full swing at the Farm. They are there for two weeks as the result of the Fresh Air Endowments created by LIFE's kind-hearted readers, and from the same provision there will be an Endowment Party every summer as long as the world goes on.

Mr. R. H. Williams, editor of *The Osteopath* of Kansas City, is a good friend of the Fund. He has not only made effective appeals to the readers of his publication but has sent two hundred dollars to establish an Endowment.

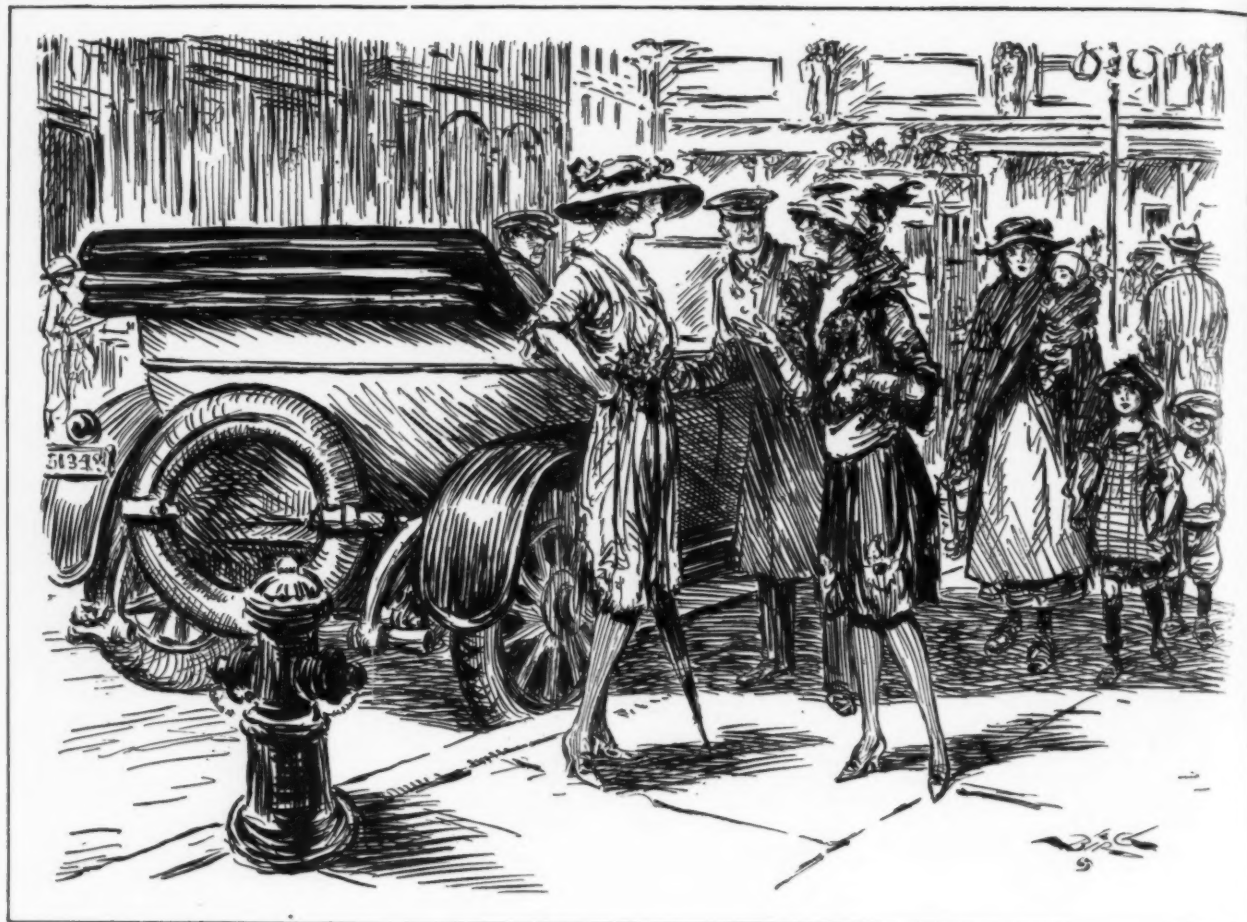
If any one has a farm near New York which he wishes to abandon permanently, LIFE's Fresh Air Fund can make use of it. It must have a brook or a wading pool.

(Fresh Air Statement will be found on page 31)



No Escape

"Don't these week-ends bore you? One is thrown with so many people one knows."



### A Future Star

"Have you decided upon a name for the baby?"

"Not yet. It's so difficult to find one that will screen well."

## Report on Atlantic Seaboard Summer Resorts

By Life's Special Investigation Committee



IN its investigation of seaside resorts, extending from the tippity-tip-top corner of the Maine coast to just the farthest point south on the Jersey coast that ever you can go, your committee finds conditions to be perfectly terrible, terrible.

For the purposes of this investigation, the members of the committee divided themselves (of their own free will and in perfect unanimity) into three groups, formations, or squads. One group (the first) took up the question of bath-houses and other bathing facilities (including a thorough examination of the Atlantic Ocean); the next group devoted its at-

tention to the hotels, and the third squad made a special search into Social Conditions.

### Bathing Facilities

It was found that in the question of bath-houses American civilization has reached its lowest ebb. "Totally inadequate in number," is the proper phrase, and it will be seen that it is none too strong when one realizes that for the 4,300,000 bathers along the Atlantic coast there are barely 500,000 bath-houses.

In these 500,000 bath-houses the most frightful congestion was found to prevail. In fully nine-tenths of the bath-houses examined the mirrors were found to be so full of imperfections in the glass that the dresser's nose and chin seemed to be

located at the same spot just under his left ear. The effect of this on the general morale can easily be imagined.

Further investigation disclosed the fact that, even in those places where the bath-houses are located directly at the beach's edge, there are always at least one sharp-edged clam shell, three long splinters and a piece of needle-bearing seaweed somewhere in the path of each and every bather on his way to the water.

### Hotels

The sub-committee on hotels reports that conditions could not be worse. In every hotel called "The Ocean View House" (and there are 8,200 on the Atlantic sea-board) only six rooms have a view of the Atlantic Ocean. From the



"Hey, Mister, yer wife's drownin'!"

"Oh! Nonsense, my boy! Why, I'm not even married!"

rest of the rooms are seen the windmill in back of the hotel, the poultry-yard, and the swing in which the bus-drivers tease the waitresses and chamber-maids.

In two-thirds of the hotels along the coast it was found that at least once a week during the summer an Armenian selling silk shawls and table-covers drops in for a chat and preempts the hotel parlor for display purposes. If people ever sat in the hotel parlor this would seriously inconvenience them, but as no one ever does, this is not quite so serious a condition.

It was also found that in the mattresses of a large majority of the hotels puffed wheat had been substituted for the conventional stuffing.

#### Social Conditions

The sub-committee on Social Conditions was scarcely able to report, so grim were the facts that it found at hand.

Witnesses testified that at almost every bathing-beach along the coast men

could be seen wearing bathing-suits with sleeves covering the entire upper arm. Such bathers always wear their bath-house keys around their necks, it is said. And they never go into the water without first wetting their chests. Sometimes they come right out again after that, and spend the rest of the time shivering on the beach.

It was testified that every time a woman goes up or down the steps of a hotel, a murmur of disapprobation runs left and right along the rocking-chairs on the porch. A special report has been issued by the sub-committee, bound in plain covers and of a limited edition, containing the remarks that are made by the occupants of the chairs, and will be mailed to anyone on request, provided the applicant is over twenty-one.

(Report on Mountain Resorts to Follow)

**T**O be weighed in the social scale it seems necessary to have a cash balance.

#### Epitaph for Any New Yorker

**I**, who all my life had hurried,  
Came to Peter's crowded gate;  
And, as usual, was worried,  
Fearing that I might be late.  
So, when I began to jostle  
(I forgot that I was dead)  
Patient smiled the old Apostle:  
"Take your Eternity," he said.

Christopher Morley.

#### Famous Sayings of Famous Men

(As gathered from the daily papers)

**T**O which Senator Lodge replied:  
Continued on page 18.

Mr. Edison asked the following question: shrdlu shrdlu etaoin.

Babe Ruth replied to the umpire: Continued in red ink on this page.

Doctor Eliot's answer was as follows:  
CITY EDTN ADD DOC ELIOT  
SPEECH.

## Life



## Lines

THE Eighteenth Amendment is another example of "Dictated, but not read."

⌄

Many New York streets began as cow-paths. Time changes little. To-day they're stamping grounds for the bull.

⌄

A yellow paper with more circulation than Hearst's is the one that the Tanglefoot people get out.

⌄

Dr. Bullock, Chicago's Health Director, says that gossip is a form of insanity.

In that case, summer resort hotels might be described as lunatic asylums.

⌄

Noted Shakespearean Actress Pays \$10,000 Debt to Circus Clown—*News Item*.

From the sublime to the ridiculous.

⌄

"Me," said the hungry mosquito at the summer resort, as he surveyed the only flapper of the beach, "me for the second joint of the chicken."

⌄

All clocks have been cut 10% by several companies, says the *New York Tribune*. Might this be offered as an example of a stitch in time?

⌄

The war on bathing suits is welcome if it means a survival of the best-fitting.

⌄

A provincial contemporary says that there is no family life in New York. No family life? Why, the courts are full of it!

⌄

Smelling salts won't revive a man half so quickly as smelling brandy.

⌄

The editor wishes to announce that there has been no cut in the price of Ford jokes.

The shape of the nose can be altered by the injection of paraffin wax at the hands of an expert—*Beauty Hint*.

If an expert in the manly art—omit the injection of paraffin wax.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Woodruff, of Yonkers, are rival candidates for the same political office.

We imagine that Mr. Woodruff's campaign slogan is, "Woman's Place Is in the Home."

⌄

A magic carpet is one that looks the price you paid for it in 1920.

⌄

The sun is due south in the heavens at noon on only four days in the year.

This lack of responsibility is a warning. We can never have an efficient universe until we have a time-clock installed.

⌄

In 1919 the Bureau of Labor Statistics reports there were 3,374 strikes in the United States—*News Item*.

And 654 home runs.

⌄

If you pay any attention to fashion writers, you'll notice that skirts are always short in their accounts.

⌄

The good-lookers dye young.

⌄

A Broadway jewelry shop advertises its wares by placards. One states, "Gent's Radio Wrist Watches Reduced to \$3.95. Formally sold for \$10.00."

In these troublous times it pays to be informal.

⌄

French Historical Note: More than a century after Waterloo came the Battle of Boyle's Thirty Acres.

⌄

A woman in York, Pa., has been found to possess one rib too many, says the *Philadelphia Record*.

We once heard of a man similarly afflicted who got the entire world into trouble as a result.

⌄

Nature is never so wonderful as when taken in hand by a reformer.

## THE FLAPPER

IMMATURE fledgling with thoughts that are scattering;

Feet that go pattering

Hither and thither;

Bright little eyes that are flickering rapidly

Voice that chirps vividly

When you are with her;

Downy and soft, with no brain

That's detectable,

Silly and aimless and vain

And delectable.

Habitat—anywhere;—Age? Well, I'd guess

(Speaking with something akin to acumen)

She's in a transition stage, more or less,

Too old for girlhood, too young for a woman!

Berton Braley.



Edith Plummer

When you speak of two people being unevenly matched nowadays society doesn't know whether you are referring to married couples or prize-fighters.

⌄

General Dawes will shortly discover that the Weather Bureau's estimates are all wrong, too.

⌄

The burning question at the summer resorts this season: Is he still unmarried to the same girl?

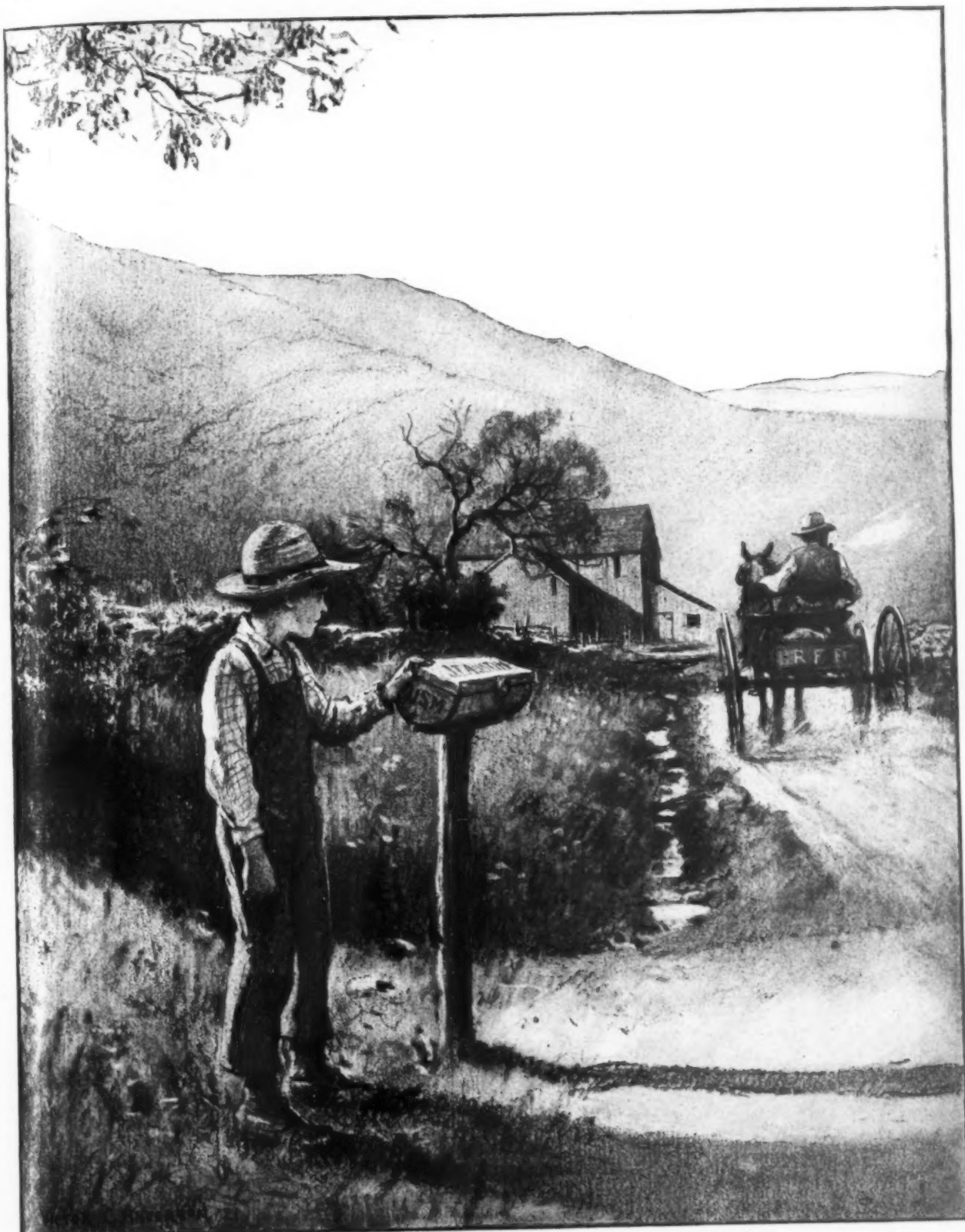
⌄

Restaurant Men Say Rates Can't Be Cut.—*Headline*.

And they could let the same statement go for their steaks.

⌄

Mayor John F. Hylan of New York has refused to allow his name to be used on the city's newest ferryboat. Naturally. The first thing they do with a ferryboat is to give it the slip.



Drawn by Victor C. Anderson

# Homesick

# THE HALL OF INFAMY

Drawings by W. E. HILL

Verses by ROGER BURLINGAME



## VII

### The Man Who Whistles

I KNOW a person who, all day,  
Whistles and sings his time away.  
I should not care so much if he  
Occasionally hit the key  
Or tried to keep the air in mind,  
But this he never does, I find.

Of course if I, upon this page  
Should properly express the rage  
I feel for whistling folk, I know  
'Twould shock these poor Iambics so  
That I should have to use the dread  
Homeric dactyls in their stead.

So in the Hall I'll build a cell  
With bad acoustics where shall dwell  
This specially obnoxious bird  
Unwept, unhonored—and unheard.



## VIII

### The Exhibition Child

I DO not, as a rule, object  
To children, nor should I elect  
That they be kept upstairs until  
The guests have left the house; but still  
I never have been reconciled  
To this, the exhibition child.

She can (or so I have been told),  
Though somewhat less than three years old,  
Say, sing and do such pretty things,  
And think such quaint imaginings,  
You'd be surprised! I should, for I  
Confess I've only seen her cry.

Within the Hall of Infamy,  
But hid from view, this child shall be;  
She's been (unless I judge her wrong)  
On exhibition far too long.

## Fantasy

SOME day I shall hie me to a far corner of the earth—a place of exotic grandeur, where I may lead a life of languorous delight beneath the passionate warmth of a tropic sky; where I may hear messages of romantic enchantment in each whisper of swishing palm leaves; where vaguely disturbing perfumes of Araby are wafted to my nostrils on the wings of each soft breeze that springs from the lustrously shimmering surface of lily-clad pools; where all the mysterious magic and occult glamour of the Orient lurks in the velvety depths of a *houri's* eyes. . . . There I shall lay me down on great mounds

of silken cushions, of a surpassing softness; and I shall read all the drab, dismal novels of small-town American life—from "Main Street" down—from cover to cover. And the raucous peals of my exultant merriment shall echo through the richly verdured glades of the jungle, startling the gaily caparisoned *bul-bul* from its haunt in the colorful crest of the orchid trees.

I N some of the movies the audience ought to have a reel off for good behavior.



Drawn by Charles Forbell

When the Anti-Everything Laws Are Enforced



"Whar ye takin' him to, Hank?"

### Pioneers of Liberty

THE announcement by the Messrs. Shubert that they are going to stop people from coming late to their theatres, and require them to stay on until the curtain falls on the last act, opens up an entirely new field.

The Messrs. Shubert, it is true, conduct a public enterprise; but then, as individuals, so do all of us. People that we have never seen before can enter our homes at all hours of the day and night, and with impunity take anything they can conveniently carry off. If you have a baby on the premises, and are trying to raise him according to your lights, numerous officials from parents' associations and hygienic experts and psychological sleuths roam at will through the nursery.

Inspired by the noble example of the

Shuberts, will somebody now have the courage to exclude the late arrivals at dinner parties and to tell everybody when they should go home; to insist that the lawn mower lent to a neighbor shall be returned at the specified time; to refuse to answer telephone calls unless the man himself, who is calling, is actually on the wire; to refuse to listen to plays read aloud by anxious friends who have just written them; and to rule that all discussion about disarmament, immigration, the tariff and the frightful inconsistency of the stock market shall come within the three-minute limit?

### The Champion

"HOW long did it take you to put little brother to sleep?"  
"Only one round."

### Time's Revenge

ONCE on a time he would have said:  
Not ghoul or dhou of air or sea  
Can make me hang a shameful head  
Or shake a whimper out of me.

For I could top all sullen might,  
And outwear any woe that came,  
And look on happiness or fright  
As but the changes in a game.

But now a night-hag hath me down,  
And I am staring, suddenly,  
As one who wakens from renown  
To clamant notoriety.

The king his diadem shall wear,  
The half-king flaunt what gaud he can,  
Until time swing him by the hair  
No king at all, and scarce a man.

James Stephens.

### Confessions of a Waiter

THERE have been a great many misconceptions abroad as to where a waiter goes when he takes your order. I decided to become a waiter just to find out, and presented myself at the waiters' door of the Ritz.

The Chief of the Ministers to Gastronomical Amenities (as they are called) ushered me into his study and told me that I was just the man that he was looking for. Then he gave me my instructions.

"After you get an order, never take it directly to the Master of Culinary Ceremonies, but retire into the library for twenty-five minutes. There you will find all the latest periodicals, Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books, the works of George Eliot, H. G. Wells, Thackeray, Milton, Dickens and Ezra Kendall. There are also sets of the Rover Boys, the Motor Boys and the Book of Etiquette. Make yourself at home. You will find the subdued, cultured atmosphere of the oak-panelled room highly conducive to reading; and remember, with fifteen minutes a day at your disposal, you can become a well-read man. Think of your opportunity with twenty-five minutes every time you take an order."

I was delighted with the prospect.

I began to work with a will; and at the time of this writing, five years since I first donned my daytime dinner coat, I have become affluent on tips, I have satisfied all my customers, and I can talk glibly on any subject you choose.

Someday I hope to be made a head-waiter.

Erdman Harris.

## Let Us Defend Ourselves

EVERY citizen who can do so should avail himself of President Harding's cordial invitation to attend a government training camp, if for no other reason than to counteract the various systems of exercise now menacing our national life.

It is absolutely essential that everyone should have some system of exercise to protect himself against all the other systems. And yet, when one yields for the first time to the siren voice of some seductive exercise, there is no way of telling where the thing is going to stop. Before it is fully realized, the deadly habit of taking a new system every few weeks or so may be fastened upon you. In this muscular crisis that confronts us, nobody is safe. We have known strong men, with the flush of health upon their cheeks—capable of smoking ten or twelve cigars a day with ease, sitting in comfortable chairs—to be led away by some oratorical giant who told them that they must stand on their heads twice a day—we have known these men to grow weaker and weaker until, in the end, they had to give up everything that makes life worth living.

Aside from playing golf, which is so much more expensive than it ought to be, and from reading the sporting news, it is hard enough for most of us to get up every morning and put on our clothes without manual help. To be told that we must flex our biceps fifty times, and rise on our toes a couple of hundred;

that we must raise our feet above our heads at least twenty-five times, when it is hard enough for us to raise our heads

above our feet only once—all this is doubtless very well, if we had the courage and control to stick at it long enough so that it wouldn't wear us out to do it. But just as we get used to it, to discover that some other system invented during the week will increase our units of energy twenty per cent. more than the one we are trying to learn, is too wearing on any tranquilly unhealthy organism.

The government training camps appear to be the only refuge a man has from this sort of thing. They ought to be encouraged by everybody as the best form of national and personal self-defense.

T. L. M.

## Discovery

I MET a man  
Who knows a woman  
Who has a sister  
Who is married to a man  
Who is related to a girl  
Who knows a man  
Who knows a man  
Who has never pulled a prohibition  
joke.

I shall try to trace him.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

## AND THAT'S THAT!

There was a young feller named Tainte—  
Philosopher—Scientist—Saint;  
What he's never heard  
Is rubbish—absurd—  
When Tainte doesn't know it, it ain't!



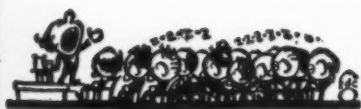
The Marveletti Family, Eccentric Acrobats, prove that driving a new car on a rocky turnpike is a perfectly safe pastime provided you know the principal holds.



AUGUST 18, 1921

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

VOL. 78 No. 2024

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYLondon Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.  
598 Madison Avenue, New York**PRESIDENT HARDING**  
made quite a good

speech at Plymouth; a much better one than he would have ventured to make last summer. He admitted that a good deal is going on in this world, and admitted it with a pious mind that did not pretend to know precisely what was up, but had confidence that the world was under higher direction than that of even the Republican Party. Of the Plymouth settlement he concurred in the view that the hand of man alone did not build what was founded there, and though we might speculate and conjecture and try to account for such results as have followed it, at last we had to recognize that they are too many for us to explain.

He went on to speak of the English speaking races as exponents of liberal institutions with an errand to carry them out into the world. What was begun at Plymouth, he said, went on in Europe, America, Africa and Australia, and helps us now to look to the future with confidence. There is no retracing, he said; we must go on; and then, recalling perhaps that the pulpit he occupied was in Dr. Lodge's diocese, he cited the Pilgrims as our example against the supreme centralization of power at home, and the superstate for the world. Besides that, he warned us that we must fight the danger in the growing assumption that the State must support the people, the warning coming with good grace from him after his recent achievements in assisting Congress to sidestep the Bonus bill and the Norris bill, and give the struggling taxpayers a fighting chance to live.

Is it going to be that we shall count in Mr. Harding among the idealists? It sounds like Saul among the prophets, but

he seems to have it in him. He spoke at Plymouth like a forward-looking man; like something better, much better, than a mere politician practicing to hold together his party. Moreover, he feels that the outlook is promising, and it is. The Irish horror is mending. The prospect of highly useful results from the disarmament conference in November is good. Back of these efforts towards understanding and pacification is the steady pressure of the facts of current life, terrific taxation, halting business, in all countries more or less physical discomfort and in some countries starvation. If the world was comfortable and happy the disarmament program might fail. The expectation of success for it is based on *must*.



**T**HE immediate job that cries out loudest to be accomplished is the rescue of Russia. There, too, the prospect of improvement is based on the extreme distress of present conditions. What was excessively bad before has become intensified by the destruction of crops by drought and the resulting mortality from famine and disease. It is a curious thing that Europe, already sorely distressed by the results of the war, should be pinched still more this summer by droughts. In all countries that means an increased pressure for agreement and co-operation. In Russia it means the rising of the peasants. It looks as though the Bolsheviks were about to give up. Hoover seems all ready to fight the devil in Russia with food. It is a much more practical method in that country than fighting him with fire. It has never seemed doubtful that Russia in the end would come to better conditions and a better civilization than she ever had.

It has only been a question of how long it would be before the change for the better would begin. It may be that now the beginning has come.



**M**R. CURRAN has got the nomination of the Coalition Committee as the Fusion candidate for Mayor, and that is first-rate as far as it goes. It does not necessarily beat Hylan, but it is a good first step. More independents, detached from politics in local matters, seem to want Curran than could be lined up for anybody else. The *World* calls him "Mayor-size, fully qualified by ability, by character, by training, by experience and by knowledge of city affairs for the office," and says he has been right on every issue of municipal government which has entered into the campaign. He needs still to be accepted by the Republicans at the Primaries as their candidate, and if they unite on him against various interlopers, the prospect of beating Hylan will be pretty good.

But Hylan will not be easily beaten. He is a better Mayor than he was when he started; he knows more, not yet enough, but more than he did.



**I**T would seem that a very proper preliminary in electing a new Mayor of New York would be to double the salary of that office. At present it is fifteen thousand dollars. It might very well be thirty thousand and if the employment was paid in proportion to its importance, it would be much more. The Mayor of New York ought not to be bothered about money for his personal expenditures. He has plenty else to think about.

And yet one never can be sure about

salaries or how much good any increase can do. Mayor Hylan lives very simply in Brooklyn, and probably comfortably, and to change his style of living might not help him much, but to Mr. Mitchel, his predecessor, an ampler salary would probably have been very useful.

Perhaps the whole matter of salaries, incomes and living expenses is going to be overhauled. The Government is paying close attention to what everybody has to live on, and gobbling up as much of it as it thinks can be spared, and often more. Unfortunate people who have a million dollars a year have to give up six hundred thousand of it. If they are used to spending a million, that involves a good deal of economy and in particular it pinches them in what they are used to giving away. There are not many people who have a million dollars a year, and in the next generation there will be fewer still because inheritance taxes at the present rate eat horrible holes in transmitted fortunes. It looks quite as though the era of huge fortunes was passing, not only in the rest of the world but here also. But we can't tell. Perhaps taxes will be lighter after a while.



**MEANWHILE** our recurrent friend, Henry Ford, still seems to have some money and to be able to spend it himself and the papers say he has the lively idea of putting a fleet of big barges on the improved Erie Canal to carry his cars from Detroit to the seaboard. Of course his barges will have the best motors possible and may liven up the canal a good deal. The railroads won't like it, but it is an interesting stroke of enterprise, and Henry is just the man to undertake it. He has the freight, he has the nerve, and he has the money.



**THE** administration wants to lend five million dollars to Liberia. Mr. Harding is for it. Mr. Hughes is for it. We hope the loan will be made. The argument is that it will be helpful to trade. So no doubt it will be, but back of that there is a consideration that is partly sentimental. Liberia was colonized from the United States. All things considered, it has done pretty well. The negroes there have not relapsed into barbarism. They have kept alive the civilization they carried there and there is testimony that they have advanced in the power of self-government. They want money to help their trade; partly, we believe, for harbor improvements. If they do not get it from us they will get it

from Great Britain or France, either of whom would think a loan a small price for the extension of their influence in that direction. But the Liberians feel that they have a tie with the United States and they would rather borrow from us if they can.



**CARUSO** gave pleasure to many people and they will mourn for him. It is the habit to say of the illustrious dead that their place cannot be filled, but usually it is filled very promptly. Caruso seems an exception. His like are not born often and still more rarely developed as he had developed himself. He

was not of those who bury their talent in a napkin. He made the most of what he had—a wonderful endowment of its kind, and remarkably cultivated. He seemed to have a childlike nature, disarming in its friendliness and its humor. Someone has said that he was the only opera singer that was not envied, and that implies a great deal, and all to his credit as a man. People who knew of him only as a singer and a public character have been astonished at the outburst of bereaved affection that his death has called out. Thousands of people really loved him. Some one else will sing his rôles and act the parts he acted, but that is not to say that his place will be filled.

*E. S. Martin.*



*The Moujik: Czar Nicholas or Czar Trotsky—the shooting is the same.*



*C. Gibson*



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Words Fail



### Rough or Smooth

**T**HOSE theatre-goers who, on looking over the list of plays, come to "Getting Gertie's Garter," and say: "Let's go; that sounds funny," will unquestionably like it. The name is all the advice that is necessary, and it is excellent advice, too.

For those who would buy tickets for anything with such a name, the play can not be too highly recommended. They may be just a little disappointed in that it is not quite so naughty as it sounds, but it is good for at least a couple of dozen nudges and countless giggles on the part of the ladies in the audience. And to the eternal credit of the male sex let it be said that the laughter is preponderatingly feminine, mostly in a hysterical tone from large ladies with pink ribbons showing through their shirt-waists. Sigmund Freud could spend an interesting afternoon at a matinee of "Getting Gertie's Garter" taking notes on the ladies who giggle.

As a farce, it has its moments, but they are moments which almost every farce has had for the past fifteen years. Doors are slammed, heads are poked out from barrels, people say "What the hell?" and "My Gawd!" and whisky is drunk for comedy effect by a butler who blows out the last mouthful with a loud noise. It is all perfectly splendid, and a great credit to Messrs. Hopwood and Collison. Oh yes, and there is, of course, the reference to B.V.D.'s, which makes a tremendous hit.

Hazel Dawn is in the cast. As we remember it, she played a violin in "The Pink Lady." She should have kept up her music instead of going in for this sort of drama. You meet such nice people if you are a violinist.

And, in an entirely serious vein, let us warn people suffering from hay-fever not to attend "Getting Gertie's Garter" during the sneezing season. The second act is laid in a barn, and bales of hay send out clouds of vicious dust which can not help but throw sufferers sitting in the first ten rows into violent relapses. People who do not have hay-fever will think that this is a funny paragraph. Those who do, will understand.



**"THE TEASER"** is a very nice little play. It will never be the play by which the season of 1921-22 will be remembered, and anyone who hasn't seen it need not feel that he never can look his local Drama League in the face again. But it takes an amusing idea, that of a flirtatious young girl who comes to live with her aunt and causes as much damage and destruction in the town as a moderately violent tornado would have done, and leads it quite directly and entertainingly to an acceptable conclusion. True, one or two of the scenes the audience can repeat word for word along with the characters, especially the one in which the young girl is lured into the apartment of the man-about-town for a little supper for two served by a Japanese butler. But Faire Binney is a cute little thing for the part, and Jane Grey as attractive an aunt as anyone could want to have, and John Cromwell makes the man-about-town a little different; so there really is no complaint at all.

Robert C. Benchley.

## Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

### More or Less Serious

**The Bat.** *Morisco.*—Nearing the completion of its first year of high-class and thrilling crime.

**The Green Goddess.** *Booth.*—Many familiar but still blood-curdling tricks given a new value by the polished Mr. Arliss.

**Liliom.** *Fulton.*—What happened to a rough-neck in Heaven. A play that any season might be proud of.

**The Night Cap.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Mystery play; to be reviewed later.

**Sonya.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed later.

### Comedy and Things Like That

**Dulcy.** *Frazee.*—To be reviewed later.

**The First Year.** *Little.*—A remarkably funny photograph of almost every one's home-life.

**Getting Gertie's Garter.** *Republic.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Honors Are Even.** *Times Square.*—To be reviewed later.

**Just Married.** *Shubert.*—Honeymooning on an ocean liner. Unrefined, but once in a while amusing.

**Lightnin'.** *Gaiety.*—Last two weeks, for the few remaining people over twelve years of age who have not seen it.

**Mr. Pim Passes By.** *Garrick.*—Laura Hope Crews and a delightful cast in a nice little English comedy.

**Nice People.** *Klaw.*—Showing what is due to happen to our younger set if they don't behave themselves.

**Sonny.** *Cort.*—To be reviewed later.

**The Teaser.** *Playhouse.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Temperamentalists.** *Bijou.*—To be reviewed next week.

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**The Last Waltz.** *Century.*—Elaborate production of Straus comic opera, splendidly sung by Eleanor Painter with lighter moments successfully furnished by James Barton.

**Sally.** *New Amsterdam.*—Marilynn Miller and Leon Errol in the best thing of its kind in town.

**Scandals of 1921.** *Liberty.*—One or two good things in a haystack of bad taste. Cast headed by Ann Pennington.

**Snap-Shots of 1921.** *Selwyn.*—Lew Fields and De Wolf Hopper in an uneven array of burlesques, with music. Some of it is funny.

**Shuffle Along.** *Sixty-Third St.*—The ultimate in jazz harmony exemplified by a company of colored singers and dancers inspired with almost religious fervor.

**Tangerine.** *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson in the first of the late summer shows. To be reviewed in detail later.

**Two Little Girls in Blue.** *George M. Cohan's.*—The Fairbanks Twins dance and there is some tuneful music.

**The Whirl of New York.** *Winter Garden.*—The old "Belle of New York" revamped at great expense.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *Globe.*—A group of entertainers, including Fannie Brice, W. C. Fields and Raymond Hitchcock, among whom there ought to be found something to please everyone.

## What a Boarding House Keeper Dreams About

"U-UM, that's the best cup of coffee I ever tasted!"

"If you have a more expensive room, I'd rather take it."

"Please accept this ten dollars. I know I must owe it after all the favors I've asked."

"I've found a cheaper place around the corner but have decided not to move."

"Don't you think you're giving us too many fancy dishes? Plain food is all we want, you know."

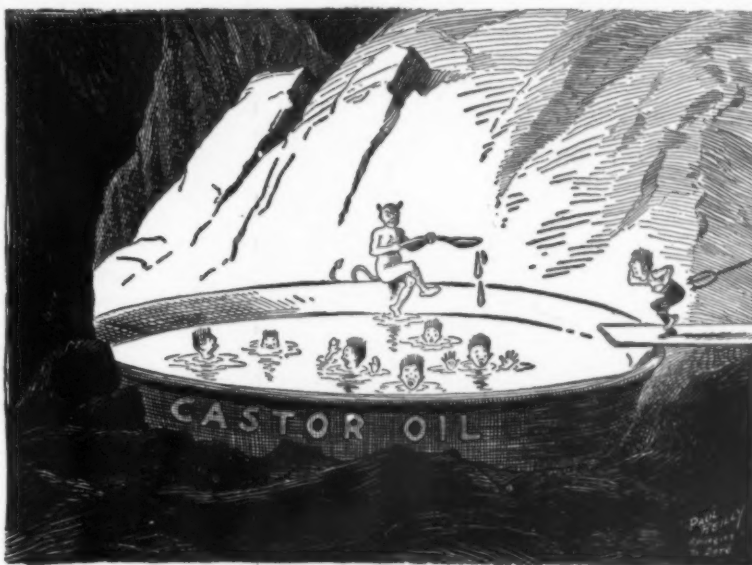
"That leak in the bathroom is a mere trifle. Let me fix it myself."

"Oh, no, I hardly think the room needs doing over. You've taken such good care of everything."

"If anyone objects to my singing, just let me know and I'll stop at once."

"If I sit up late at night reading, be sure and put the charge for gas on my bill."

"The parlor is meant for everybody. Certainly, let the young ladies have all the callers they want."



Little Larry's Idea of Hell.

**FLUB:** I saw Bill the other day and he looked like thirty cents.

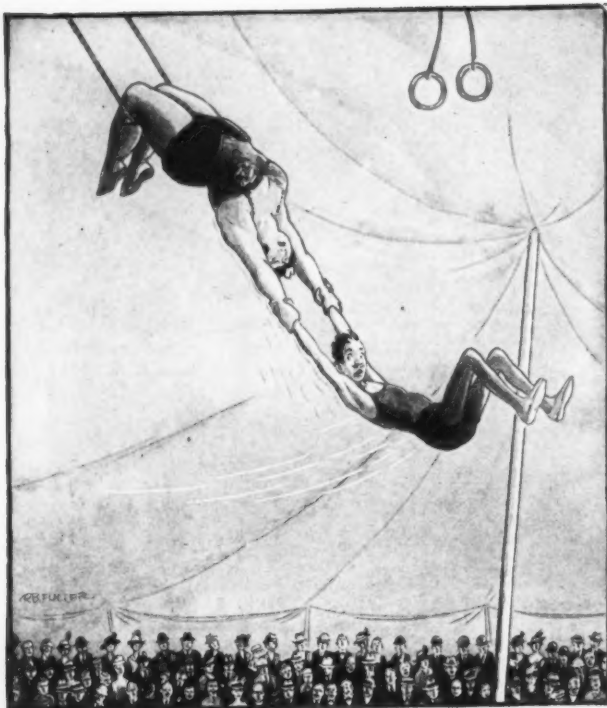
**DUB:** Which Bill?  
"Dollar Bill."

**SMART:** We hear a lot about the Irish question, but can you tell me the Irish answer?

**MALONEY:** Shure; a brick.



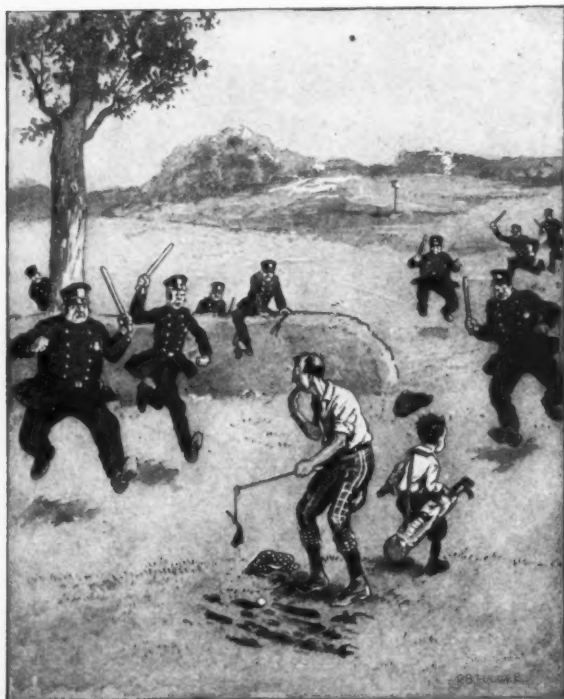
**Father:** The idea of a girl your age going out as scantily dressed as that! Why, you're a mere stripling.



She: Now, George, was I right or wrong about that argument we were having?

### Plain to Be Seen

**AMY:** How did you discover that Millie was in lovewith you?  
**ARCHIE:** Why, one day when she called me an idiot I agreed with her, and she got mad.



When swearing is made unconstitutional

## Daily Routine Aboard a Soviet-Run Battleship

Secretary Denby has announced that "soviet rule" is no longer to be tolerated on ships of the Navy.—*News Item.*

**A.M. 9:00.** Officers will call men. Officers will personally serve coffee to men of their divisions in thin china cups, preferably Jamocha blend with fresh cream and lump sugar. Officers will take particular pains not to startle men in waking them.

**A.M. 10:00.** Men will dress. Pipe manicures and barbers. Bootblacks (must be midshipmen) will see that every man's shoes are thoroughly shined. Valets will collect pajamas and stow them in the pajama nettings. Tailors assemble on fore-castle and be prepared for duty.

**A.M. 10:45.** Chief Pettioffski of the Breakfast Squad of the Committee on Internal Relations will inform the captain what was wrong with breakfast and warn him against repetition of offense.

**A.M. 11:00.** All hands assemble on quarterdeck. Chief Hangman's Mate Ginsberg will announce officers to be executed at noon. Compulsory cheering required as officers' names are called.

**P.M. 12:00.** Happy Hour. Execution of offenders.

**P.M. 1:00.** Turn to for officers. Men may then turn in. Officers below and including ranks of Lieutenant Commander will clean up ship. Particular attention directed to fact that men at leisure must not be disturbed under any circumstances.

**P.M. 2:30.** Luncheon in accordance with menu set forth in Commander-in-Chief of Internal Relations Committee's letter file 789564 dash 44689 dash \*\*.

**P.M. 3:00.** Torture of captain and offending cooks. Band will play "To Hell With Sims" followed by three ruffles and a flourish of knives. Forecastle division will abuse junior officers.

**P.M. 8:00.** Dinner. New committees will be appointed. Ordnance committee will send bombs ashore for use by deserving comrades without ways or means. Reception to local Sinn Fein organizations.

D. E. R.

## The Confidences of a Modern Child

**"I** WAS never so tired in my life. I've had a perfectly awful day. But I got Father home safely, and that's something. It was his annual day to be a boy again, to be a regular pal to me, as he likes to express it. So I have been out in the woods with him.

"I inferred from his remarks when he invited me to go that he intended to win my confidence and help me in my troubles. But by noon he had broken his glasses, worn blisters on both heels, scraped his shins, lost his new fishing reel, sunk a row-boat, scalded his mouth, burned his bald spot in the sun and torn the seat out of his trousers, so I think he must have postponed whatever he had to say of an intimate nature.

"If writers and lecturers only knew the suffering they bring to impressionable parents by goading them into trying to be their boys' chums they certainly would cease their efforts out of sheer pity."

## Speed

**"C**AN you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"Why, she never wears any style long enough to become accustomed to it!"

## Button, Button!

**Y**ESTERDAY we joined something or other and received a pin for it. We haven't a baby who wears those things that babies wear, so we can't put the pin to its proverbial use. We have thought of pinning it onto the vest of our gray suit, where we still have two square inches of unused space, between a tag of the Irish Relief Fund and a Democratic Campaign Button; but we are really planning to save that space to see the material, so as to know just which suit the vest goes with.

Counting two fraternity pins up at Vassar, we have at present enough insignia to cover one suit and an extra pair of trousers; and our collection of political buttons could stretch from here to the White House, and did so last year. We have made a belt out of our Hoover Relief Tags, which covers our waist; and we have worked our Harding Campaign Buttons into the design of a Cross with an American Flag behind it, signifying the Hope of the World; though the design is not so plain now as it was when it was first made up. We have saved all our souvenir watch charms and Liberty Loan Buttons and Red Cross Pins for the last five years; and we only raise protest now because the mail any day may bring us a large gold charm in the shape of a Bird, with a bill, from the Fowlers' Association, which fails to realize the derivative relation between insignia and insignificant.

But of course all this will be forgotten when we are offered a Hylan Political Charm next autumn, with a New York *American* eagle. We shall wear that in a place where it will be very conspicuous.

Corey Ford.

**H**OW will you have your roast beef?" asked the waiter. "Well done, good and faithful servant," murmured the clerical-looking diner absent-mindedly.



### Appreciation

"I wonder how many gallons go over every minute."



"But you're wrong in thinking the birds a nuisance. They devour the insects and caterpillars."  
 "I'm glad you told me. It's a great consolation to know that they eat my fruit merely for dessert."



## Appeal to American Authors

The pound sterling has risen  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cents.—*News Item.*

**W**HEN Kaiser Wilhelm's little war  
Was (none too quickly) ended,  
And when in one triumphant roar

The nations' cheers were blended,  
Great Britain found that she had come  
To owe the U. S. quite a sum.

Perceiving in that fact great harm,  
A tide of immigration  
Of British authors in alarm  
Set in toward this our nation;  
By lectures purposing to get  
Enough to clear their national debt.

From leaving Britain, true, they shrank,  
To sail for far dominions  
And educate the simple Yank  
Upon their own opinions;  
But when they caught the glint of jack  
The army couldn't hold them back.

Thus, G—orge and W—lpole keenly felt  
The call to come and lecture,  
And each filled up his money-belt  
With gold beyond conjecture  
(If I exaggerate a bit,  
No harm—you see the point of it).

## The Best Novels

*Beauty*, by Rupert Hughes. A novel with a frozen heroine as a centre piece. In Mr. Hughes's best—and worst—manner.

*The Man Who Did the Right Thing*, by Sir Harry Johnston. The author of this book, a noted zoölogist, has made a great reputation as a fiction writer within the past two years. His first book, "The Gay-Donbeys," published in 1919, was received with great favor. In some respects this last volume is a distinct advance on the others.

*The Wrong Twin*, by Harry Leon Wilson. An entertaining book by an always entertaining writer.

*Galusha the Magnificent*, by Joseph C. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln still has his Cape Cod well under control. A work of fiction that is a distinct relief. Homely and wholesome.

*Shallow Soil*, by Knut Hamsun. Great writing by one of the best of Norway's novelists.

## Other Books

*Queen Victoria*, by Lytton Strachey. The best biography of a great character that has appeared in many a long day.

*Books on the Table*, by Edmund Gosse. Simple literary talk by a distinguished English man of letters.

*Character and Opinion in the United States*, by George Santayana. Elegant and profound writing about this country.

Then Mr. G. K. Ch—sterton  
(Who simply can't *write* dully)  
Came over and kept up the fun,  
Tho' people said, "Well, rully,  
How vurry, vurry bad this is!"  
(But Ch—sterton was getting his.)

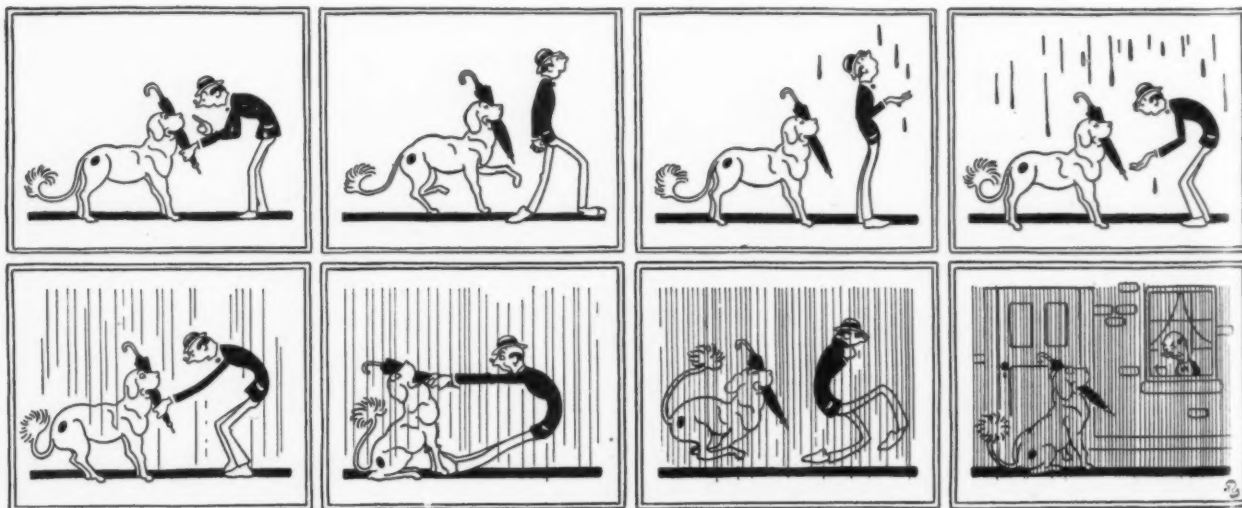
\* \* \*

Now, authors, if this sort of thing  
Goes on the least bit farther  
The country's credit's going bing!  
What? Serious? Well, rather!  
You will perceive I do not joke  
When these U. S. are stony broke.

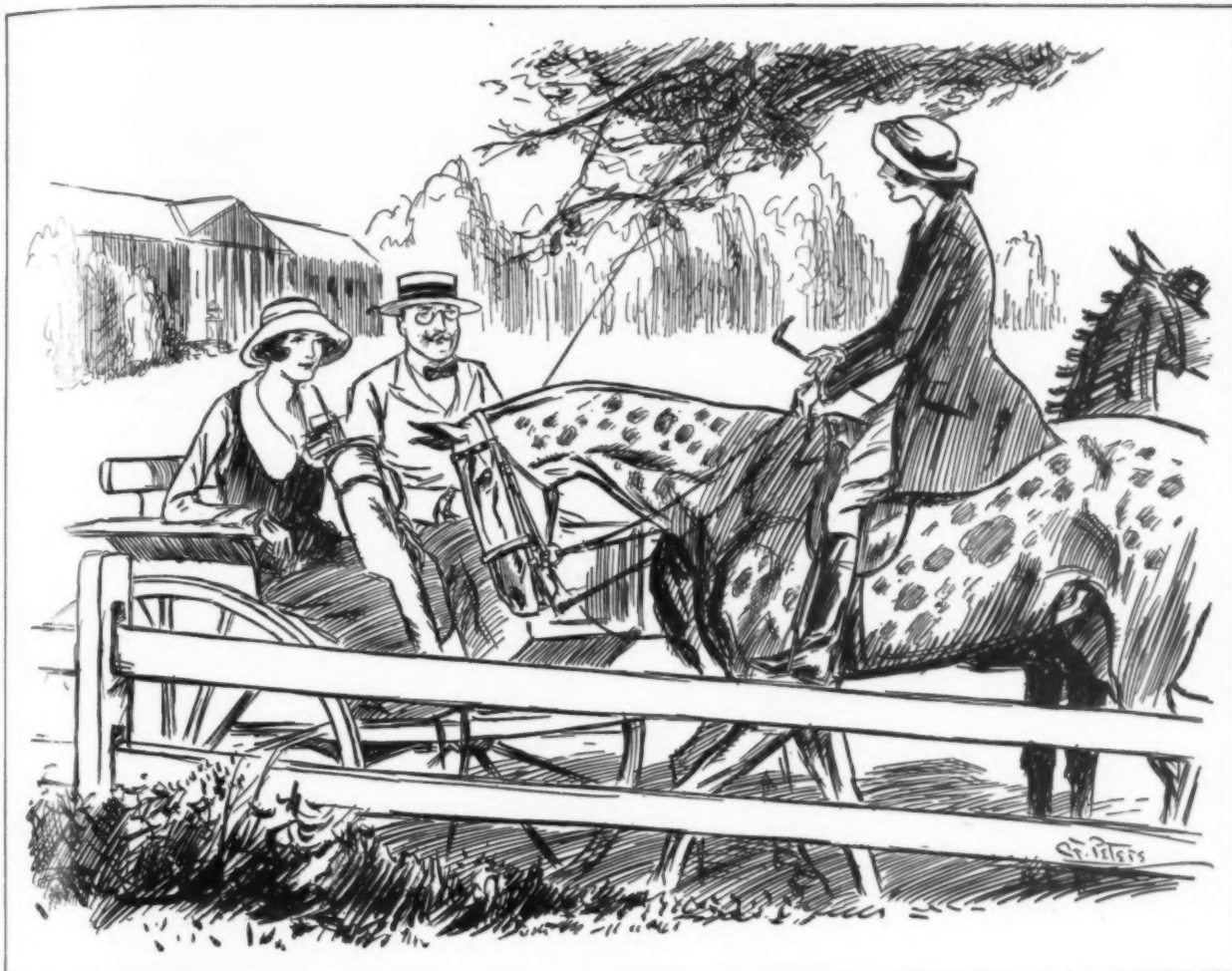
And so the fell conspiracy  
To take away our lucre  
Ere it become catastrophe  
It's up to us to euchre.  
And we can do it, it's my hunch,  
By selling all our stuff to "Punch."

So now, boys, all together, heave!  
Get down into the collar!  
And with the pounds that we receive  
Sustain the dropping dollar.  
By this bright stratagem we'll save  
America—long may she wave!

Baron Ireland.



Why Simkins no longer boasts of the helpful cleverness of his pet Newfoundland



Myra: Oh, Dad, I wish you'd get me another mount. The complexion of this one is so ridiculous.

Blanche: Why, Sis, I think it goes awfully well with your freckles.

### Grandmother's Garden



IS an old-fashioned garden, now weed-grown and ragged, untended these many years. But once it was gay with flux and harelip and sal-hepatica; early anemias peeped out on the forest's edge; the bees hummed a loud chorus amid the climbing hysteria embowering the low-browed porch in greenery.

What stately forms have billowed down these bleached alleys! Lovely ladies of the days of Madison and Jefferson, gay in their crenelations and martingales, with flowered stomachers and pannikins. Many were the beaux and gallants, in periques and powdered knee-breeches, who paced beside them. How often has this old

garden heard the list of quaint, tuneful catches and mandalays! How often have long-forgotten voices joined in chorus to the tinkle of the old-fashioned spinach or clavicle!

But to-day all is silent. No more do those delicate hands come to cull the languishing roses and the hardy connubials, to wield the hoe and maggot and trim the borders of box and quidnuncs, to spray the leafage with 'hellefire to destroy the pestilent seersuckers. Where are those dainty figures now? Perchance in the gloomy realms of Plautus they dally in the grim gardens beyond the river Styx; perchance, perchance, in the sunny fields of Elision they roam forever amid the bright and ever-blooming beds of asafetida!

Morris Bishop.

### Questions

THE Springfield *Republican* prints a list of questions put to college students. The second question is, "What is a Leghorn?" Four per cent. of the students, it seems, said that leghorns were cows. Hardly that, though the name fits the animals. But what did the rest of the students say? Did they say that leghorns were hens or hats? How is it, neighbor, is a leghorn a hen or is it a hat? It used to be a hat.

Another question in that list was "Is Arthur Brisbane a comic artist, an actor, an athlete or a newspaper writer?" How did the students answer that? How many said he is a financier, which is the right answer?

IT is also true that a man is known by the company he keeps away from.



"Ye see, Bill, the object of the game is to knock the ball into eighteen holes, or eighteen holes into the ball. I ferget which."

### Twenty Things You Cannot Teach a Boy

How to get the most enjoyment out of a circus.

How to get along without shoes and stockings in warm weather.

How to acquire a taste for pastry.

How to reach jam on the topmost pantry shelf.

How to see a baseball game without paying admission.

How to run away from a fat policeman.

How to ingratiate oneself with Grandma.

How to imitate Charlie Chaplin.

How to trail apparatus to a fire.

How to argue against a Saturday night bath.

How to coax a nickel from Uncle Charlie.

How to carry a dog.

How to explore a barn.

How to pick ripening apples.

How to conceal oneself in the parlor Thursday evenings.

How to save money on dentist bills.

How to get by a barbed wire fence.

How to make a considerable noise.

How to sleep soundly.

How to hold a mother's heart.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

### Mood

**S**HE loves me!  
Wherefore I walk lightfoot  
Or cushioning summer clouds  
And shout my gladness  
To the sun.  
What means to me now  
The sordid lure of gold  
Or the wolf-snarl of traders  
In the market-place?  
Bah!  
Nay—to-night my love and I  
Shall fill our souls with music  
And upon the sob of 'cellos  
And the pulsing of violins  
Through the great hall  
We shall be lifted  
Out of the Material into the Ineffable!  
\* \* \* \*

Whazzat?  
Six-and-a-half for two tickets?  
Keep 'em, you robber!

Baron Ireland.

### Easier Said Than Done

**T**HERE'S one thing for which  
we've got to give Germany credit.  
"What's that?"  
"The indemnity."



"I hate to go home looking like this. I'm certain to be misunderstood."

## The Illiterati

By DOROTHY PARKER



"REALLY must get caught up on my reading. What with getting the slip covers on the chairs, and putting up the blueberries, and all, it doesn't seem as if I'd ever get around to it. What would be a good book for me to—"

"Well, they said this 'Alice Adams' was so good, but I read it and I didn't like it at all. Common, that's what I call it. All about a middle-class family and—"

"Oh, I shouldn't care for anything like that. Now what I like, I like something about refined people. I love Kathleen Norris's books. They're awfully cute, and yet they're strong, too. And they always end happily. I can't see why they make so much fuss about these books that leave a nasty taste in—"

"I can't, either. Look at that 'Main Street' there was all this talk about. I just thought to myself, I'd like to have a few words with the author of that book, some time. I'd tell him a few things. Those people in that book were a whole lot better than she ever—"

"I couldn't even finish that thing. Who wants to read about a lot of small-town people, anyway? I wish Eleanor Hallowell Abbott would get out something new. Her books are just lovely. They make the nicest bridge prizes—"

"Have you tried 'Mayfair to Moscow'? They say that's one of those things that everyone really ought to—"

"No, but I've been meaning to for ever so long. I've heard it's awfully instructive, and you can tell that the author is a lady, all the way through. Aunt Laura gave Will 'White Shadows in the South Seas' for his birthday, and I didn't care much for the name. But someone said that it's pretty spicy in parts, so I thought maybe I'd—"

"I don't think that would be anything you'd like. It's one of those travel things. And ever since I read 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' out loud to Junior that time he was home from school with swollen glands, I've never—"

"I see there's a new Zane Grey book out. I know you'll just die laughing, but I always have to stop and think, or else I get Zane Grey mixed up with the one that wrote that old 'Miss Lulu Bett'—"

"Oh, they're nothing alike. Zane Grey's books are awfully interesting. Fred always says, if he could find an-

other book as good as 'Riders of the Purple Sage,' he'd stay home and read of an evening. I thought 'Miss Lulu Bett' was perfectly horrid. I know they said it was well written and all that, but goodness knows, you want something more than just that. No one wants to read a book that's too real—"

"That's what I say. I don't see why anybody takes it into their head to sit down and write a book like that. I'm sure there are lots of pleasanter things and people to write about if a person would just look around them and try to—"

"Oh, I nearly forgot! They say there's a new book out that's just fine. It's about this Arabian chief, and he gets this American girl out in the desert all alone—well, Mrs. Gersh says it's one of the raciest things she ever read. I heard there was an awfully good chance of it being suppressed. I tried to get it at the library, but it's so popular that it's awfully hard to get. The librarian took my name, and as soon as it comes in—"

"Oh, my dear, lend it to me when you're through, will you? Now that's just the kind of book I'm dying to read."



### Choice of Evils

"Why do you want to marry during your first season?"  
"I'd rather be scolded by a husband than a chaperon."

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## Footlights

THE combination of Elsie Ferguson, as star, and John Robertson, as director, supplemented with an excellent story, promises much for the quality of the resultant picture; and "Footlights" fulfills this promise in refreshingly satisfactory manner.

If all movies attained the quality of "Footlights," the critic's job would be a sinecure; he would even enjoy his work. For "Footlights" comes pretty close to being flawless.

It is adapted from a story by Rita Weiman, and, unlike so many of its less fortunate predecessors, it gains much in the course of adaptation. The character of *Lizzie Parsons*, the staid New England girl who is transformed into *Lisa Parsinova*, the Russian temptress, is eminently suited to Miss Ferguson's temperament, and she makes the most of her opportunities. Moreover, she is supported by a thoroughly good cast, led by Marc McDermott, an actor of considerable polish and poise who has at last found a part which is worthy of his efforts.

There is also an anonymous blonde young lady—shown in a few close-ups—who is so extremely pretty and expressionless that she will probably be a Real-art star, one of these days.

"FOOTLIGHTS"—as the title would seem to indicate—is a story of the stage, and Director Robertson has seen fit to stress the note of dramatic exaggeration all through. The picture has at all times an unreal, fantastic quality—as though the row of footlights actually intervened between the players on the screen and the audience.

But there is one touch of stark realism, provided when a close-up of a theatre program is shown. Printed on it are the names of the sole lessee and manager, the producer, the star, the play, the supporting cast and the theatre itself.

The author's name is omitted.

## Nobody

AFTER such an unusual display of fulsome praise as that which has been accorded to "Footlights," it is a relief to get back to normal. And "Nobody" provides us with an excellent excuse for doing so.

In presentation, "Nobody" takes the increasingly popular form of a trial, the main scene being in the jury room, where justice is undergoing its usual misinterpretation. Eleven good men and true are all for convicting the culprit; the other member of the quorum (being the husband of the murderess) naturally holds out for acquittal. It is a trial in every sense of the word.

However, we cannot improve on the heroine's own description of the picture. In one of the final sub-titles she remarks, "I seem to have had a horrible dream," and, so far as we are concerned, that comment goes for the whole film.

## Don't Neglect Your Wife

THERE is one element that atones for numerous shortcomings in "Don't Neglect Your Wife," which is Gertrude Atherton's first screen story. That element is intelligence.

It is a stodgy and rather trite triangle drama, unnecessarily wordy at times, and very much inclined to drag; but it is written and performed with a certain air of that which, in movie parlance, is known as "class." And "class," or good breeding (as it sometimes is called), is unusual enough to be deserving of special commendation.

The scenes are laid in San Francisco, fifty years ago, and the story concerns the snobbishness and intolerance of the California aristocracy at that time. It seems that it was impossible then for anyone to get a divorce and hold his social position.

Which shows how time flies. Nowadays, in San Francisco (and elsewhere), the Divorce Court News is several degrees more fashionable than the Social Register.

The acting honors in "Don't Neglect Your Wife" go to Charles Cleary.

## Concerning Adaptations

A READER writes in to say: "I can't understand your attitude about pictures that are adapted from famous novels or plays. First you bitterly criticize 'Male and Female' because it is a mutilation of Barrie's 'Admirable Crichton,' then you praise 'The Conquering Power,' although you admit that it bears little resemblance to the Balzac novel

('Eugénie Grandet') on which it is based. You say that the changes in this case are justifiable. Just where does the line of demarcation come between changes that are justifiable, and changes that are reprehensible? As your Mr. Togo would express it, 'I ask to know.'"

The point is well taken, and the question not easily answered.

THE cinema, as a medium of expression, is entirely distinct from literature or the drama; and it demands different methods of treatment. It is therefore impossible to take a play or a novel and reproduce it on the screen exactly as it was written, without sacrificing much of the dramatic quality which it possessed either on the stage or on the printed page.

An excellent example is provided by the two Barrie stories, "What Every Woman Knows" and "Sentimental Tommy." The former was adapted as a movie, with absolute fidelity to every detail of the original; and, while it proved to be a faithful enough copy of the play, it was absolutely uninteresting and uninspired as a motion picture. "Sentimental Tommy," on the other hand, was altered materially to meet the changed circumstances which the screen afforded. But it was altered so wisely and produced so intelligently that it was a far better transcription of Barrie than "What Every Woman Knows."

It was Barrie's story expressed in terms of pictures that move.

"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS" as a movie bore little resemblance to Cooper's novel; but it was an exceptionally fine picture. So was "The Conquering Power." So was "Broken Blossoms."

"Male and Female" was not.

It all boils down, then, to this: an effort can only be judged by its result. If a work of art is adapted into a new medium and still remains a work of art, the method of adaptation is justified. And vice—as they say—versa.

## Tribute

WE have not had an opportunity to see Viola Dana's new picture, entitled "Life's Darn Funny," but the least we can say is, thanks for the ad.

Robert E. Sherwood.

## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

**Moonlight and Honeysuckle.** *Realart.*—Mary Miles Minter as a mischievous little imp in a dull farce.

**The Journey's End.** *Ballin-Hodkinson.*—An intricate and rather serious story told without recourse to a single sub-title. The acting, the direction and the scenes are unusually fine.

**Oh, Buddy.** *Christie.*—Highly diverting farce comedy, with Neal Burns and Vera Steadman.

**A Heart to Let.** *Realart.*—Justine Johnston in an absurd love story about nothing much in particular.

**The Mystery Road.** *Paramount.*—Another woefully weak English production.

**Little Italy.** *Realart.*—A dramatic comedy of life in an Italian immigrant colony, which gives Alice Brady an excellent opportunity to display all the more elemental emotions.

**The Spirit of '76.** *All American.*—Propaganda in its dullest and most offensive form.

**The March Hare.** *Realart.*—Another one of those things, featuring Bebe Daniels.

**The Sign on the Door.** *First National.*—Norma Talmadge in a distillation of several old melodramatic recipes which provide a one hundred and twenty proof kick.

**The Conquest of Canaan.** *Paramount.*—Thomas Meighan contributes his expressive scowl to a fairly adept adaptation of Booth Tarkington's original small-town novel.

**Falling for Fanny.** *Christie.*—Eddie Barry in an amusing dramatization of the famous story about the man who was told to get off at 72nd Street.

**The Conquering Power.** *Metro.*—Another production by Rex Ingram, which lives up to the standard he set for himself in "The Four Horsemen."

**Luring Lips.** *Universal.*—Edith Roberts in a film that is almost as snappy as its title.

**The Old Nest.** *Goldwyn.*—Once upon a time there was an author named Rupert Hughes. He was nicknamed "The American Balzac." That, however, was once upon a time.

**Lessons in Love.** *First National.*—Constance Talmadge is so sure of her audience that she even thinks she can get away with a mediocre picture like this; and, what is more, she probably can.

**Scrap Iron.** *First National.*—A photoplay that will appeal to fight fans and movie fans and everybody else. Superbly acted by Charles Ray and an exceptional cast.

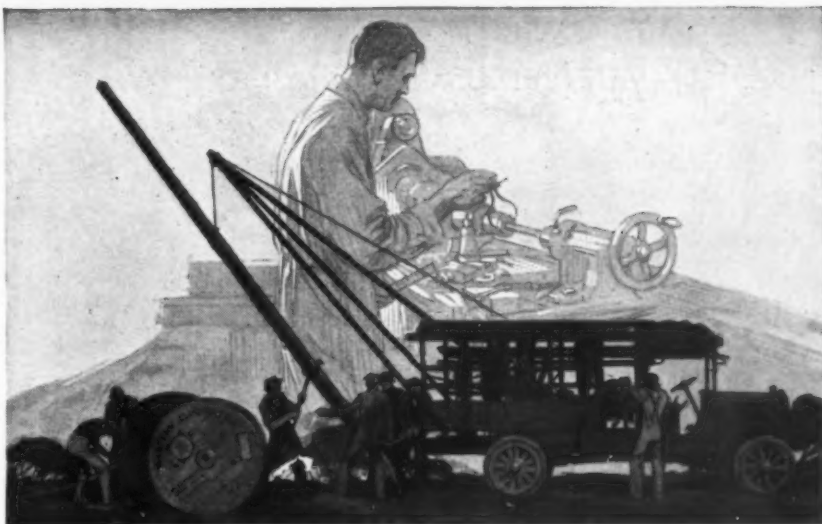
**The Fall Guy.** *Vitagraph.*—Larry Seamon falls all over himself trying to be funny.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"Where Lights Are Low," "Crazy to Marry," "Experience," "Thunderclap," "Shame," "The Great Moment," "The Virgin Paradise" and "Mother O' Mine."

### Poetry and the Landlord

One of the sagest remarks ever uttered on Grub Street we find quoted by Louis Untermeyer in his anthology, "Modern American Poetry." He says that Mary Carolyn Davies, a gifted young poet, turned from prose to verse because (as she truly remarked) "When the rent is due there's no time to write a story; only verse can save one in time."

—New York Evening Post.



## Tools of Industry

In industry, art, science, in fact in all kinds of work, good results require good implements kept in good condition.

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### An Open Secret

It is said that an ancient Chinese sage who lived in the second century was offered a bribe. His silence being accepted as hesitation, he was assured that he was perfectly safe, as no one knew it. He replied:

"Heaven knows it. Earth knows it. You know it. I know it. How can you say that no one knows it?"

—*New York Evening Post.*

### Service

"Why do you bring a check with the cocktails?"

"That isn't a check. That's the house chemist's certificate."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### The Ready Answer

A schoolboy answering the question, "What was the Sherman Act?" replied, "Marching through Georgia."

—*Boston Transcript.*



### An Inspiration

*Suspicious Caller: Is the Guv'nor in?*

*Resourceful Maid (alone in the house): Ye-es. Er—he's in the drawing-room feeding his herd of bloodhounds. — Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.*

### Business Adjustment

"Business is bum," sighed the young stock broker,  
Lighting a weed in the Spring Lake smoker.

"Business is dead," moaned the capitalist barber,  
Trimming a sail in the breeze at Bar Harbor.

"Business is punk," mused the dealer in acid,

Sinking a putt on the sixth at Lake Placid.  
Business is dead—on the verge of stagnation;

Now is the time for a good long vacation!

—*G. M. M., in New York Tribune.*

### He Knew His Geography

"What do you consider is the present state of national affairs?" challenged the bewhiskered passenger as he laid aside his newspaper and addressed his nearest neighbor in the smoking car. "Ohio," came the prompt response.

—*Temple Telegram.*

**NORTH:** Dobbs had convulsions after drinking home brew.

**WEST:** Must have been pretty weak stuff.—*American Legion Weekly.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Single current copies, 15 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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## Helpful Suggestions for Fishermen

**N**O fish of ordinary intelligence will bite before four A. M. nor after six A. M. except when he chooses.

Angle worms will be found to go deeper into the earth during dry weather and still deeper in drier weather.

The cost of the tackle and the number of fish caught vary in inverse proportion.

Some fish like live minnows, others prefer to be hooked with an artificial frog, and I have known some who expressed a desire for their own kind chopped in squares.

Any woman would rather die than bait a hook. Others don't mind it at all except that they cannot bear to touch any sort of bug or worm.

All angle worms should be put on the hook head first. To determine which end is the head, place the worm on the ground and hold out a piece of ham or a dish of corn flakes. The end moving toward you is the head. If the worm does not move, it is a sign that he doesn't care for that particular food or else that he himself is confused as to which end is his head.

Taking a landing net or a fish pail precludes the possibility of catching any fish. The idea is that fish bite best when least expected. Some have been known to jump into the boat while the angler was taking a nap.

The size of fish which got away is shown by placing the hands at a distance apart equal to the length of the fish.

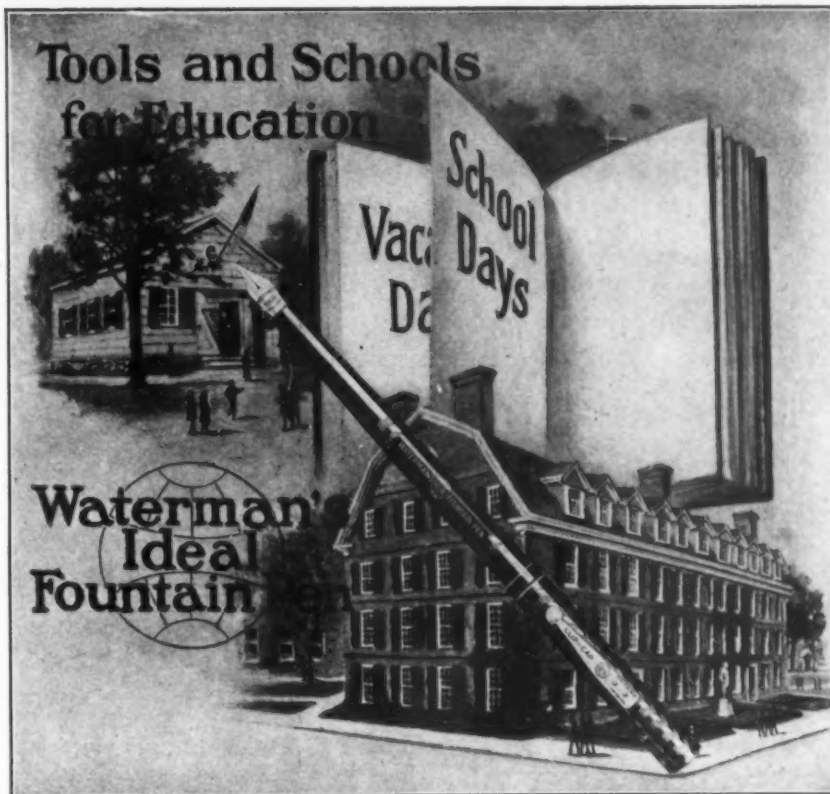
Those unable to swim should avoid upsetting the boat, as many people cannot breathe under water.

One pound of raisins, one pound of sugar, two yeast cakes, five gallons of water. Let stand ninety days.

## Seized the Opportunity

**M**ADGE: I hear Dolly met a hold-up man while on her way to the village.

**M**ARJORIE: He was the only man she had seen during her vacation and she was engaged to him within ten minutes.



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*Books and Folks*, by Edward N. Teall (Putnam's). Literary essays.

*The Story of Chautauqua*, by Jesse Hurlbut (Putnam's). History of a great educational movement.

*Buff*, by Albert Payson Terhune (Doran). Good dog story.

*Conquest*, by Gerald O'Donovan (Putnam's). Novel on Ireland.

*Taming New Guinea*, by Capt. C. A. W. Monckton (John Lane). Interesting book of travel.

*The Dark Geraldine*, by John Ferguson (John Lane).

*Producing Amateur Entertainments*, by Helen Ferris (Dutton).

*Balkanized Europe*, by Paul Scott Mowrer (Dutton). Analysis of the situation in Europe.

*Rainy Week*, by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott (Dutton).

*The People of Mexico*, by Wallace Thompson (Harper).

*The Car That Went Abroad*, by Albert Bigelow Paine (Harper).

*The American Novel*, by Carl Van Doren (Macmillan). Essays on some of our leading novelists, with a bibliography.

*The Heel of Achilles*, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan).

*The Wrong Twin*, by Harry Leon Wilson (Doubleday, Page).

*Dogtown Common*, by Percy MacKaye (Macmillan). Poetry.

*Torchlight*, by Leonie Aminoff (Dutton). A Napoleonic novel.

*The Two Friends*, by Turgenev (Macmillan). Translated by Constance Garnett.

*The Street of a Thousand Delights*, by Jay Gelzer (McBride).

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### An Encore Unawares

When Masfield, the British poet, visited Yale, he finished his evening's talk and readings earlier than was expected, and the chairman of the meeting suggested that the poet should read any poem requested by the audience. The audience, as usually happens, was dumb. It was an awkward moment. Finally, one of the younger English Department members rushed agitatedly into the breach.

"Won't you please read 'The Tewksbury Road,' Mr. Masfield?"

The poet looked amazed, then puzzled, and at last said with a hesitating desire not to offend "these singular Americans": "Ah—er—I—ah!—would be charmed to do so—really—but I've just read it!"

—*Writer's Monthly*.

### A Jesse James Story

An irate fan who had watched the home team go down to defeat stopped the umpire as he was leaving the park.

"Where's your dog?" he demanded.

"Dog?" ejaculated His Umps. "I have no dog."

"Well, you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog," returned the disgruntled one.

—*American Legion Weekly*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### True, These Days

NEW FLOORWALKER (after being called down): You know I'm very new on the job.

SUPERINTENDENT: But please remember that our executive and advertising offices are in the rear of the store; and when a man wants to know where the publicity department is, don't send him to the ladies' hosiery counter.

—*Cartoons*.

### Lots of Teachers

Hearing her little boy using profane language, his mother severely reproved him and inquired, "Where did you learn to swear like that?"

"From pa's shaving, uncle's golf, brother's flivver, and sister's parrot," answered the youngster promptly.

—*Boston Transcript*.

### Parliamentary

THE POLITICIAN (in furious debate): Must I call to your notice that my honorable adversary is remarkably pale for a gentleman who has not been mixed up in the flour scandal?—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

### The Only Original

TEACHER: John, can you tell me what the first person singular is called?

JOHN (after much thought): Adam.  
—*London Weekly Telegraph*.

A man's hip is his castle.

—*Chicago Herald*.

## The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



### PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proven this.

Disseminated conditions, which not long ago doctors were unable to trace to a cause, are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhea infection. Don't let Pyorrhea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Can. **FORHAN CO. New York** Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal



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(Other Fresh Air matter will be found on page 4.)

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Mariana R. Dickson, Glen Cove, N. Y.	5.00
"In memoriam—L. C. M., Hague, N. Y.....	5.00
K. H. S., Bellefonte, Pa.....	10.00

\$19,255.31

### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Several packages of picture post cards from Mrs. Marshall Guy Shuff, Danville, Va., and Mr. D. C. Dickinson, Liberty, N. Y.

Several pairs of boys' shoes from H. B. Taft, Boston, Mass.

A package containing one hundred and forty-eight articles of new clothing—underwear, trousers, blouses, dresses and shoes—from Mrs. M. S. Rodie, South Orange, N. J.

### Time Flies

**HUSBAND:** I thought you said quite positively that you had all the clothes you needed.

**WIFE:** But, my dear, that was last week.

## Jim Henry's Column

### I am Going into the Sampling Business

A few weeks ago I used my column to tell men what marvelous relief from chafing and skin friction they could enjoy by using Kora-Konia. And in my free handed way, having discovered a small case of physicians' samples, I offered to send a sample for 15 cents.

If many more men send in for samples of Kora-Konia, we will have to build a special factory to pack samples.

But we are glad to go to any reasonable expense to prove to a man the amazing virtue of Mennen Kora-Konia to relieve almost any form of skin irritation.

I remember one man in particular. He was a big, bulging chap, by nature cheery and mild mannered, but take him on for golf on a hot day, or to the ball game, and he would begin to squirm and shudder like a kid just put into winter flannels, and act ornery the whole afternoon.

Of course, I can't go into intimate anatomical details in a polite family magazine, but the plain truth is that the man became raw the minute perspiring flesh was rubbed.

So one day in the locker room I made him shake on some Kora-Konia wherever it would do the most good. The big point about Kora-Konia is that it stays put— isn't washed away by perspiration.

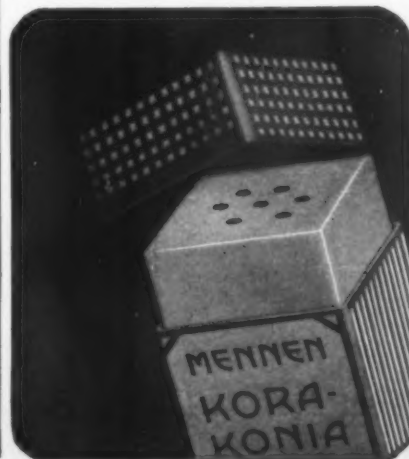
He thought it was silly—said his case was too serious for any dinky baby powder. (Everyone thinks Kora-Konia is a talcum until they learn better.)

But after the game I thought he would kiss me. Said it was the first time in twenty years he had been comfortable in hot weather and vowed the whole medical profession wouldn't have done more for him.

Kora-Konia is really a wonderful article—soothing, healing, cooling and antiseptic. Miraculous for sunburn. Send 15 cents for a big sample.

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

**THE MENNEN COMPANY**  
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.





The gentleman whose features are disclosed above was awarded the first prize in *Life* of June 16 as being the only man who had never read a copy of *Life*. Later on four others were discovered. But inasmuch as he was the first one, the award still stands. In the meantime, he began taking *Life* in weekly doses, with this—

(See opposite)



result. Unfortunately we could not get his photograph, as he wouldn't sit still long enough, and our artist had to do the best he could.

## WHAT GREAT LESSON do we learn from these two companion pictures?

First, unless you are always taking *LIFE* in some form, you are certain to be unhappy.

Second, if you take *LIFE* for only a few weeks, EVERYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE changes for you. As you go about, you will notice how kindly everybody acts. You will be able to get on with anybody, even your landlord.

In these two pictures lies THE SECRET OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Many people have difficulty in OBEYING THAT IMPULSE at first.

This is natural. We build up our characters slowly. It takes time to know how to enjoy *LIFE* thoroughly.

Do not be discouraged, therefore, if you now feel like the man in the first picture.

If you TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK and subscribe to *LIFE* for three months, in almost no time you will feel LIKE THE MAN IN THE SECOND PICTURE.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send *LIFE* for three months—twelve issues—to

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Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

*LIFE*, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)



